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The GUARDIAN.

———Conſtiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc
Inque vicem fuerat jactatus anhelitus oris. Ovid.

Saturday, June 20. 1713.

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and ſee, tranſlate, borrow, paraphraſe or contract, from the Perſons with whom I mingle and converſe, and the Authors whom I read. But the grave Diſcourſes which I ſometimes give the Town, do not win ſo much Attention as lighter Matters. For this Reaſon it is, that I am obliged to conſider Vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with Gallantry, elſe I find in a very ſhort time I ſhall lye like waſte Paper on the Tables of Coffee-houſes: Where I have taken moſt Pains I often find my ſelf leaſt read. There is a Spirit of Intrigue got into all, even the meaneſt of the People, and the very Servants are bent upon Delights, and commence Oglers and Languiſhers. I happened the other Day to paſs by a Gentleman's Houſe, and ſaw the moſt flippant Scene of low Love that I have ever obſerved. The Maid was rubbing the Windows within ſide of the Houſe, and her humble Servant the Footman was ſo happy a Man as to be employed in cleaning the ſame Glaſs on the ſide toward the Street. The Wench began with the greateſt Severity of Aſpect imaginable, and breathing on the Glaſs, followed it with a dry Cloth; her Oppoſite obſerved her, and fetching a deep Sigh, as if it were his laſt, with a very diſconſolate Air did the ſame on his ſide of the Window. He ſtill worked on and languiſhed, till at laſt his Fair one ſmiled, but covered her ſelf, and ſpreading the Napkin in her Hand, concealed her ſelf from her Admirer, while he took Pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their Meeting. This pretty Conteſt held for four or five large Panes of Glaſs, till at laſt the Waggery was turned to an humorous way of Breathing in each others Faces, and catching the Impreſſion. The gay Creatures were thus Loving, and pleaſing their Imaginations with their Nearneſs and Diſtance, till the Windows were ſo tranſparent that the Beauty of the Female made the Man-Servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole Houſe beſides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my Sight. It may be imagined theſe Oglers of no Quality made a more ſudden Application of the Intention of kind Sighs and Glances than thoſe whoſe Education lays them under greater Reſtraints, and who are conſequently more ſlow in their Advances. I have often obſerved all the low Part of the Town in Love, and taking a Hackney Coach have conſidered all that paſſed by me in that Light, as theſe Cities are compoſed of Crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that Paſſion. When one is in this Speculation, it is not unpleaſant to obſerve Alliances between thoſe Males and Females whoſe Lot it is to act in Publick. Thus the Woods, in this middle of Summer, are not more entertaining with the different Notes of Birds, than the Town is of different Voices of the ſeveral Sorts of People who act in Publick; they are divided into Claſſes, and Crowds made for Crowds. The Hackney Coachmen, Chair-men, and Porters, are the Lovers of the Hawker Women, Fruitereſſes and Milk-maids. They are a wild World by themſelves, and have Voices ſignificant of their private Inclinations, which Strangers can take no Notice of. Thus a Wench with Fruit looks like a Mad-woman, when ſhe cries Wares you ſee ſhe does not carry, but thoſe in the Secret know that Cry is only an Aſſignation to an Hackney Coach-man who is driving by, and underſtands her. The whole People is in an Intrigue, and the undiſcerning Paſſengers are unacquainted with the Meaning of what they hear all round them: They know not how to ſeparate the Cries of mercenary Traders from the Sighs and Lamentations of languiſhing Lovers. The com-

(Price Two Pence.)

common Face of Modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the World, and the general Corruption of Manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low People towards those of Condition. One Order of Mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this Rule you may trace Iniquity from the Conversations of the most Wealthy to those of the humblest Degree. It is an act of great Resolution to pass by a Crowd of polite Footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the Passengers who are obliged to go by the Places where they wait. This Licence makes different Characters among them, and there are Beaux, Partymen and *Free thinkers* in Livery. I take it for a Rule, that there is no bad Man but makes a bad Woman, and the Contagion of Vice is what should make People cautious of their Behaviour. *Juvenal* says, there is the *greatest reverence to be had to the Presence of Children*; it may be as well said of the Presence of Servants, and it would be some kind of Virtue if we kept our Vices to our selves. It is a feeble Authority which has not the support of Personal Respect, and the Dependance founded only upon their receiving their Maintenance of us, is not of force enough to support us against an habitual Behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No Man can be well served, but by those who have an Opinion of his Merit, and that Opinion cannot be kept up but by an Exemption from those Faults which we would restrain in our Dependants.

Though our Fopperies imitated are Subjects of Laughter, our Vices transferred to our Servants give matter of Lamentation. But there is nothing in which our Families are so docile, as in the Imitation of our Delights. It is therefore but common Prudence to take care that our Inferiors know of none but our Innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect that the single Consideration of not offending us should curb our Servants from Vice, when much higher Motives cannot moderate our own Inclinations. But I began this Paper with an Observation that the lower World is got into fashionable Vices, and above all to the understanding the Language of the Eye. There is nothing but writing Songs which the Foot-men do not practise as well as their Masters. Spurious Races of Mankind, which pine in Want, and perish in their first Months of Being, come into the World from this Degeneracy. For Possession of Wealth and Affluence seems to carry some faint Extenuation of his Guilt who is sunk by it into Luxury; but Poverty and Servitude accompanied with the Vices of Wealth and Licentiousness is, I believe, a Circumstance of Ill peculiar to our Age. This may, perhaps, be matter of Jest, or is over-looked by those who do not turn their Thoughts upon the Actions of others. But from that one Particular, of the Immorality of our Servants arising from the Negligence of Masters of Families in their Care of them, flows that irresistible Torrent of Disasters which spreads it self through all Human Life. Old Age oppressed with Beggary, Youth drawn into the Commission of Murders and Robberies, both owe their Disaster to this Evil. If we consider the Happiness which grows out of a fatherly Conduct towards Servants, it would encourage a Man to that Sort of Care, as much as the Effects of a Libertine Behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a Man of that noble Disposition, that his Domesticks, in a Nation of the greatest Liberty, enjoy a Freedom known only to themselves, who live under his Roof. He is the Banker, the Council, the Parent of all his numerous Dependants, Kindness is the Law of his House, and the way to his Favour is being gentle and well-natured to their Fellow-Servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their Patron know the Merit of others under his Care. Many little Fortunes have streamed out of his Favour, and his Prudence is such, that the Fountain is not exhausted by the Channels from it, but its way cleared to run into new *Meanders*. He bestows with so much Judgment, that his Bounty is the Increase of his Wealth; all who share his Favour are enabled to enjoy it by his Example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a Man to be Rich.

This Paper is to be had of Mr. Yemes *under the* Thatch'd-house *Tavern in St.* James's-street; *Mrs.* Bond *at* Charing-cross; *Mrs.* Bolter *and Mrs.* Dodd *near the* Temple-gate; *and Mr.* Round *in* Exchange-Ally.

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